

## The Evening World.

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## "THE KEY LIES IN WASHINGTON."

There is neither haste nor extravagance in the conviction that with the President's new statement of war aims as the United States views them, comes the best prospect the world has yet seen of a near peace.

The speech before Congress yesterday was a great utterance—great in the breadth of its statesmanship, great in the largeness of its humanity, great in its expression of the most disinterested purpose with which a people ever went to war, great in the simplicity and concreteness with which it defines the specific ends that must be attained for the fulfillment of that purpose.

But not the least quality of its greatness is its extraordinary timeliness.

It was only yesterday that the American public began to be informed of the extent to which Imperial Austro-German bungling of the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk had disrupted the German nation.

Already a political crisis of the first magnitude is threatening in Germany. The line between militarists and non-militarists becomes more and more sharply defined. The Socialists are rampant against an Imperial foreign policy which has outraged the humanitarian principles of the Bolsheviks.

Clear thinkers like Maximilian Harden are louder and bolder than ever in denouncing a Teutonic policy of annihilation. They point out that the Imperial German programme looks to a peace which can be only an armed truce.

A German nation that has reached this point in the terrible lesson it has had to learn must find deep meaning in the President's question:

To whom have we been listening? To those who speak the spirit and intention of the resolution of the German Reichstag of the 9th of July last, the spirit and intention of the Liberal leaders and parties of Germany, or to those who resist and defy that spirit and intention and insist upon conquest and subjugation? Or are we listening, in fact, to both, unreconciled and in open and hopeless contradiction?

There is little reason to fear that these questions will not find their way to those to whom they are addressed.

Too many Germans in Germany have already formulated them for themselves. Too many are at a point where they would willingly force other Germans to listen and give the answer upon which, as the President declared yesterday, "depends the peace of the world."

That is why his definite statement of American war aims and peace conditions, far more largely presented though agreeing in substance with the recent British declaration voiced by Lloyd George, arouses at this moment a hope stronger than that excited by any Allied utterance that has gone before.

It is as if, through a great crack suddenly opened in Germany's Prussian-based national structure, the President of the United States had been ready at just the right moment to show the German people—with convincing indiscreteness and inspiring appeal—the way to rejoin a reinforced brotherhood of civilized nations.

The key to the temple of peace, Harden writes in the current issue of Die Zukunft, lies in Washington.

God grant the President may have lifted it yesterday.

## GREED AT ITS INFAMOUS WORST.

TWO DOZEN PAIRS of shoes the soles and heels of which were filled with a composition of paper and glue were found by inspectors of the Quartermaster's Department among the supplies furnished the nation's soldiers at Camp Upton.

If there is a lower, more dastardly level to which greed can descend than a deliberate attempt to mislead the Government by selling it fake equipment for the fighters upon whose health and enduring power the nation is staking its all, we have yet to hear of it.

Do contemptible creatures who make near-shoes for army contractors ever think what would happen to them if they could be confronted by men who have felt those wretched paper soles collapse beneath their feet on a long march through mud or in a desperate charge across rocky ground?

Neither manufacturers convicted of turning out paper shoes for soldiers nor factory inspectors accessory to the crime deserve anything but prompt and exemplary justice.

In war times the career of all such should end against a blank wall—with a firing squad in front.

## Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

**Prison From the East Side.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
It is a pleasure to have the opportunity of expressing my thoughts of your work performed on Sunday, Jan. 6, in cooperation with the Independent Consumers' Ice & Coal Company of No. 200 East Third Street, wherein you were instrumental in obtaining of about 150 tons of coal to the needy The Housewives' League to do service of a vote of thanks for its activity in this connection. The donations of the east side feel that they have a friend in your paper, and their only request is that you undertake to co-operate with other agents in supplying them with commodities that are necessary in the home. The writer was on the Distribution Committee, and feels proud of your achievement. D. W.

**Calls The Evening World Fair.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
It was certainly a pleasure to see the fair spirit with which you treated the article on the Socialist Judge, Jacob Panken. Because of the political connections of Judge Panken he is either entirely neglected or else discredited by most of the papers. No matter how good a service he may perform, it is almost always falsely interpreted. No wonder, then, that I was surprised when I saw The Evening World's article. The habit of giving credit where it is due without considering party lines would be seen.

## It's Up to You, Wilhelm!

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By J. H. Cassel



## The Seven Ages of Love

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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## NO. IV.—THE AGE OF DISILLUSIONMENT.

"H ELL is a place where the anti-idealized compare their disappointments," runs the best line in "Madame Sand." Some satisfied human beings will be glad to learn that there really is a place, no matter what the temperature or distance from Broadway, where they can afford to be disappointed and to tell about it.

Women, to be sure, do not wait for opportunities beyond the tomb to discuss their disillusionment. Some of them tell the saleswoman who fits their gloves or the hairdresser who renews their marcel just how disappointed their husbands are. And neither Bocaccio nor Marguerite de Navarre possessed greater talent than they exhibit for detail and explicitness.

It is no fault of the average man that his wife is disappointed in him. Every woman approaches marriage with a definite ideal—an ideal as pondered and polished that she knows whether he wears hard-boiled shirts or the kind that look like ripe with evening clothes, and whether he takes butter or syrup on his buckwheat cakes. When she marries she proceeds to fit this ideal upon her husband. Naturally it's too big for him, for he is a ready-made man and here is a made-to-order ideal.

Now a woman has lived with her ideal for years and years before her marriage. She knows him—since he is the creature of her imagination—far better than she will ever know her husband. She has had innumerable conversations with him, knows just what books he likes, what actresses he admires—of course he does not admire any of them too much. Her husband does not look like him, but she is resigned to that deficit. The ideal was a French viscount with bayonet-blue eyes, an aquiline nose, golden mustache and a voice that quivered with emotion when he spoke to her. The ideal proposed to her in a consistory, to the music of a plashing fountain and the distant wail of languorous violins.

She gave him a red rose for her answer and he kissed her fingertips. Now the man she married proposed to her in a taxicab with a "By the way, before I forget it, will you marry me?" manner that took all the romance out of the occasion. And then he told her how much his limousine factory yielded annually, and suggested that they stop somewhere and get a Welsh rarebit, and after that go home to a piece of ice to wear on her engagement finger.

The wedding ceremony happened all

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"M RS. GRATCH writes me from Washington that she is working for the Constitutional Prohibition Amendment," said Mrs. Jarr. "She says that it is dreadful to see men coming to the depots with packages and suitcases of liquor. They have to carry a tag on the cases and packages saying how much liquor is in them. But Mrs. Gratch says the men should be made to carry big tags telling how much liquor they have been drinking over at Baltimore, or wherever it is they drink and buy the liquor they bring in to Washington, for Washington itself is home dry!"

"It's a wonder Mrs. Gratch doesn't step up and ask the incoming travelers to the capital," remarked Mr. Jarr wearily. "Minding other people's business is that woman's idea of a good time."

"Mrs. Gratch has cause to be an ardent Prohibitionist," replied Mr. Jarr. "She had three husbands and they were all victims of alcohol."

"I'll bet they never touched a drop of liquor," said Mr. Jarr. "Maybe so," Mrs. Jarr retorted. "Men will do anything to annoy their wives. Just the same, Mrs. Gratch was one of the ardent workers who had the law passed making Washington, the capital of the Nation, bone dry."

"And now she spends her time in the Union Depot seeing how men who want liquor will get it and bring it in," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Oh, well, those who don't drink it eat it. I will never forget Mrs. Gratch's plum puddings and mince pie. She puts so much of the old stuff in them that one has to eat them with water on the side."

"That's unkind!" said Mrs. Jarr in an injured tone. "Mrs. Gratch was nice enough to help me with Thanksgiving dinner, when Gertrude was sick, and she only used brandy in the mince pie and put it in the plum pudding sauce to please you. For she told me it was against her principles and she never had brandy sauce for her own husbands."

"Here now, she writes me and says that you spoke so nicely to her about the mince pie and plum pudding she used for you Thanksgiving that she wants you to help in the good work. She asks if you will go around the city and watch liquor sellers and see they do not serve soldiers and sailors."

"I'd be a nice one to do that—I mean, I don't like to be frequenting saloons," said Mr. Jarr, catching himself in time.

Mrs. Gratch doesn't want you to

## Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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## The Love Song of a Bride, Which Is Every Wife's.

BEHOLD, my Beloved, behold how I love thee! Lo, for thee do I live the life of a FIREMAN! Yet, who hath heard me complain?

When the alarm soundeth at seven, for thee do I leap from my bed, even as a fireman, and spring lightly into my clothes, that I may be upon the scene, to prepare thy bath, and pour thy coffee, and find thy hat!

Yet do I love thee.

Behold, when the oven is filled with half-baked cake, when I am in the midst of curling my hair, when I have but just torn up the house upon cleaning day, THEN dost thou summon me over the telephone, saying:

"Meet me for luncheon, Little One! Yes, be there in twenty minutes for I have something important to tell thee!"

And lo, though the cake burneth, and my hair falleth down, and the house be utterly destroyed, I am THERE, at the appointed moment, half-clad but smiling.

Yet do I love thee!

Behold, when the rain falleth and the winds howl, and I have arrayed myself in my most comfortable negligee, and am prepared to spend a quiet evening with a fascinating novel, then dost thou rush in, as the cyclone, crying:

"Come forth, come forth, my Beloved! For lo, I have tickets for the SHOW, and there are but ten minutes to spare. Behold, why tarriest thou? For see, I am arrayed and WAITING!"

Yet do I love thee!

Lo, when I have just laid me down to "enjoy a headache," then dost thou come bubbling in, with the glad news that thou hast invited strange GUESTS for dinner, and that I, thy Wife, must be "the life of the party."

Yet do I love thee!

Yes, when I have just sat down, to glance through the morning paper, dost thou not always suddenly discover that the one thing vital to thine existence, thy penknife, or thy collar button, or thy favorite cravat, hath disappeared from off the earth? And do I not always arise and search the attics and cellars, until it hath been found?

Yet do I love thee!

Lo, when I have labored all day to make the house shine as a furniture-polish advertisement, dost thou not burst merrily in upon it to dress for dinner? And, behold, in ten minutes the place resembleth a French city, after the passing of the Germans!

Yet do I love thee!

Verily, verily, my life is as an Anna Katharine Green detective story, whereof NO man can say what may happen next. For, in the matter of springing startling surprises, Laura Jean Libbey is an amateur beside thee!

Yet, whatsoever thou springest upon me, I am always ready to meet it. Yea, a hair-trigger hath nothing on ME!

For the life of a Fireman is a sweet and simple pastoral, beside the life of ANY wife!

Selah!



## "Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks

## THE GIRL WHO PAID A DOLLAR DOWN

I T WAS a long time before I discovered the trouble with the Norris family. There were only two of them, to be sure, for the baby didn't come until a year afterward—stuffy, fidgety Mrs. Norris, really only a girl; she was about twenty when she married—and her husband, a blonde, half-fal-

low-well-met type, whose principal object in life seemed to be in having a good time. There was nothing wrong about the kind of amusements he selected. He was not a drinking man, was always on hand at the office where he worked and always reported regularly at home for dinner at six.

But there was an atmosphere of unrest, uneasiness, repressed tension in the house, as though both young Mr. and Mrs. Norris were doing altogether more worrying than was good for them. I knew it wasn't anything personal between them, for he was too much in love with his pretty little wife ever to look at another woman. And I knew it wasn't his habits—at least any of those which appeared on the surface.

What then was the skeleton in the closet at the Norris home, never appearing on the surface, at least so far as visitors could see, but always suggesting itself in a kind of brooding, sinister background? Finally I discovered that it was, quite by accident, when a collector came to call at the house during one of my visits. There was something in the face of Mrs. Norris when she answered the bell that told me in an instant the whole truth. And the girl, plausible way with which she told the man she could pay him nothing now, but to call again next week, showed that she was used to receiving this kind of callers and an adept in excuses to put them off. When she came back into the room I asked her, bluntly:

"How much money do you owe?"

"Why?" she asked, after a startled little silence.

"Of course, it's none of my business, but I have noticed for some

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## Superstition in the Trenches

ALONG with the spiritual revival due to the war has come a renewal of superstition. No human minutes to slush a flask he had on him."

Mrs. Jarr sneered at this citation of alcohol as an aid to longevity.

"And," Mrs. Jarr continued, "I knew two fellows who were going to Europe, but they got to drinking and missed their ship. That ship was torpedoed by a submarine and all aboard went down."

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Anyway, I wouldn't boast about such friends."

## STANDING STILL.

FOR five centuries ago it was the general belief that the earth did not move at all. It was supposed to be stationary.

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